

No. 5

\$1.50

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DESTROYER DUCK™

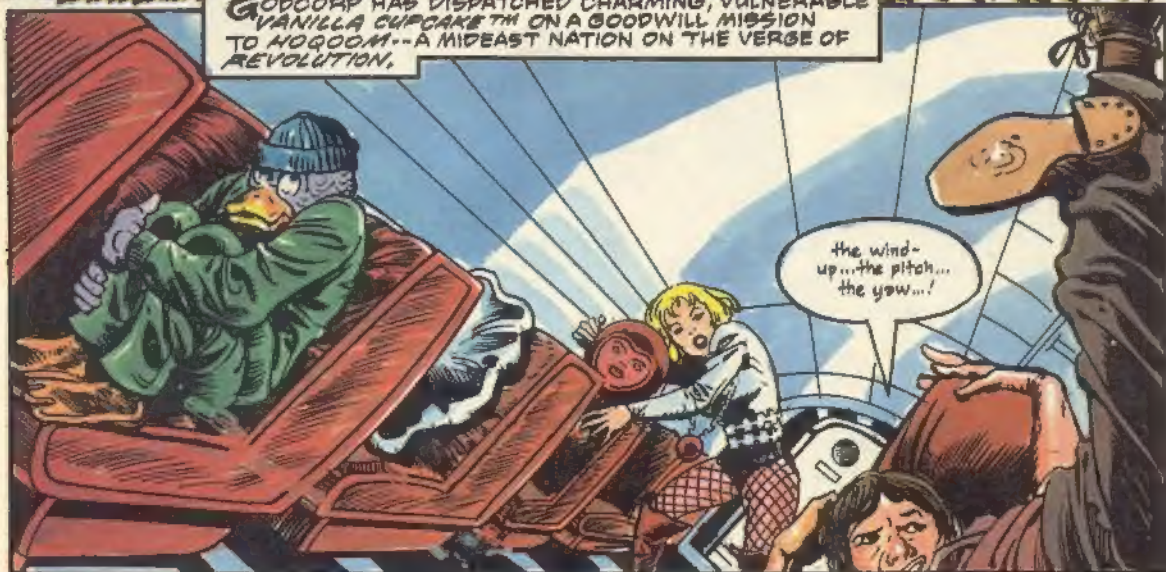


DESTROYER DUCK! MANSLAYING MALLARD ON A MISSION OF VENGEANCE!

Created by: **STEVE GERBER & JACK KIRBY** * Story by: **STEVE GERBER & BUZZ DIXON**
 Writer Artist

"SHATTERER of WORLDS!"

GODCORD HAS DISPATCHED CHARMING, VULNERABLE VANILLA CUPCAKE™ ON A GOODWILL MISSION TO HOGGDOM--A MIDEAST NATION ON THE VERGE OF REVOLUTION.



FEARFUL FOR THE CHILD'S LIFE, HER SISTER, **CHERRIES JUBILEE**, HAS VOWED TO RESCUE HER--WITH THE AID OF **BRAD WHITE**, **PABLO PARONGUS**...AND DUKE "DESTROYER" DUCK.



NOW EN ROUTE, THE MA-RAUDING MALLARD REALIZES THERE MAY BE EVEN MORE AT STAKE...



WHAT IF GODCORD DIDN'T MURDER THE LITTLE GUY? WHAT IF THAT'S ONLY WHAT THEY WANTED ME TO THINK?



WHAT IF HE'S STILL-ALIVE?!

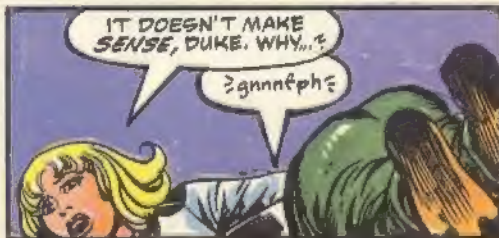


IT COULD'VE BEEN A GENETIC REPLICATION--LIKE A COGBARN--THAT BLEED TO DEATH ON MY FLOOR!



IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, DUKE. WHY...?

ggnneph?





MAYBE THE LITTLE GUY TOLD 'EM ABOUT ME--SO THEY CUT UP A CLONE--AND SENT IT BACK--!

MAYBE THEY FIGURED I'D BE USEFUL.

AND THEY CURED YOU HERE, HUM? WHAT FORT



I CAN BELIEVE ALMOST ANYTHING ABOUT GODCOP, DUKE, BUT--

--BUT YOU STILL HAVEN'T LEARNED TO THINK LIKE THEY DO!



LISTEN, SISTER, I USED TA BE A COP. AND I'M SEEN' THESE CORPORATE TYPES AREN'T SO DAMN DIFFERENT FROM YOUR TYPICAL STREET PUNK.

THEY'RE ONLY OUT FOR THEMSELVES-- THEY CAN'T SEE BEYOND THE ENDS OF THEIR BEAKS--

--AND THEY'VE GOT AN ANGLE!



SUPPOSE PACKER WAS AFTER THE CHAIRMANSHIP --AND SIDNEY UPWIND WANTED HIM OUTTA THE WAY?

OR SAY THERE WAS A TAKEOVER BID THEY WERE TRYIN' TO SQUELCH? A CONVENIENT GOVERNMENT PROBE WOULD SEND INVESTORS RUNNING!

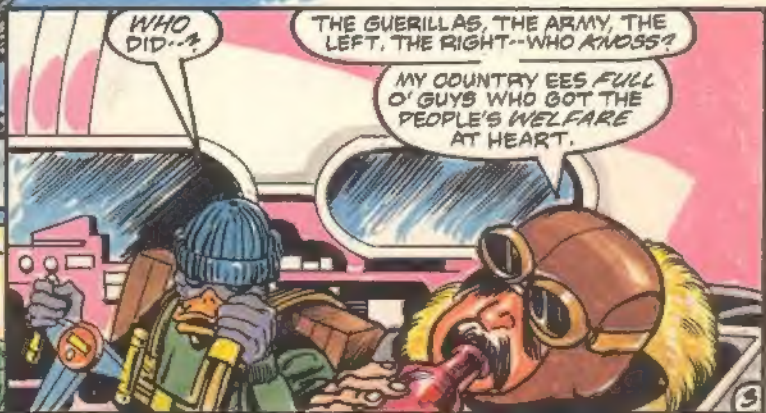
BUT DUKE, THE RISKS--!



MINIMAL. A FEW MIDDLE-LEVEL HEADS ROLL. AND EVEN IF A GUY LIKE UPWIND GETS CIANNED--

--YOU CAN BET HE'S GOT A GOLDEN PARACHUTE WRITTEN INTO HIS CONTRACT.

QUA-AA-AAGH!



THE SAME COULD BE SAID OF HOGROOM. THERE, MOMENTS AGO, THE ARRIVAL OF VANILLA CUPCAKE™ WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A BLOODBATH--AND CUPCAKE HERSELF TAKEN HOSTAGE--BY THE NATION'S FANATICAL LEADER, PAHKMANI THE DEVOURER.

ABOMINABLE TYRANT!! OZZING SORE ON A CAMEL'S LEFT REAR FLANK!!

HEAR ME, PAHKMANI! I--YOUSAH ABUUK OF THE HOGROOM LIBERATION FRONT--SWEAR BY MY ANCESTORS' BEARDS TO ERADICATE YOU!!

JEWEL MUDGE, CUPCAKE'S MOTHER, CAN ALREADY SEE THE HEADLINES IN THE TABLOIDS, COMPARING HER--UNFAVORABLY--TO JOAN CRAWFORD. SHE SHUDERS.

MEAD PACKER, GODCORP'S MERCHANDISING WIZARD, GAPES AT THE CARNAGE, AP-PALLED. EVEN IF THE CHILD SURVIVES, THE FANTASY THAT SOLD HER PRODUCTS MAY NOT.

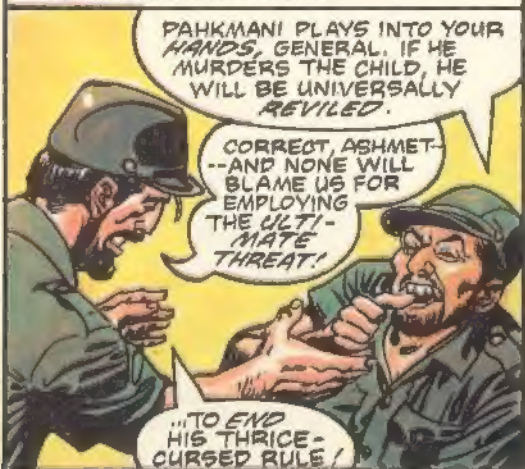


BUT NOT EVERYONE IS SO DISTRAUGHT AS IT MIGHT APPEAR.

PAHKMANI PLAYS INTO YOUR HANDS, GENERAL. IF HE MURDERS THE CHILD, HE WILL BE UNIVERSALLY REVEILED.

CORRECT, ASHMET--AND NONE WILL BLAME US FOR EMPLOYING THE ULTIMATE THREAT!

"TO END HIS THRICE-CURSED RULE!



BUT SAY NO MORE... NOT IN MR. COGBURN'S PRESENCE. HE HAS ALREADY RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE TWICE.

HIS CORPSE COULD BE LEAVES-DROPPING, EVEN NOW!





I AM AWARE HOW VALUABLE YOUR CUPCAKE IS TO GODCORP, MR. PACKER --AND, OF COURSE, TO YOU, MRS. MUDGE.

I SHALL DO ALL IN MY POWER TO EFFECT HER RETURN, ALIVE AND WELL.

THANK YOU, GENERAL. IS THERE A PHONE NEARBY? I SHOULD NOTIFY CORPORATE HEAD-QUARTERS...



OF COURSE, RIGHT THIS--

EEEEEEK!

OH... THE COG-BURN.

"PACKER! WHAT UNHOLY THING IS HAPPENING TO HIM--?"



RRRRRIIP!

"THE SPINE IS DISENGAGING FROM THE CORPSE..."



...TO FIND A DARK PLACE WHERE IT CAN GROW ANOTHER BODY.

I ASSUMED YOU'D BEEN BRIEFED ON THE COGBURNS. GENERAL, THEY'RE SELF-REPLICATING QUASI-HUMANS--



--GENETICALLY-ENGINEERED TO DISPLAY ABSOLUTE UNQUESTIONING LOYALTY TO THE COMPANY.

flaming stool of Satan...!

IT'S HIDEOUS!



NO, JEWEL... IT'S CORPORATE CREATIVITY, THE SAME CREATIVITY THAT TURNED YOUR DAUGHTER'S GLANDULAR SECRETIONS INTO A BILLION-DOLLAR MARKETING CONCEPT.

WHEN THINGS LOOK BLEAKEST, JEWEL, HAVE FAITH IN GOD-CORP. THIS COMPANY'S CAPABLE OF ANYTHING.

SWITZERLAND:

THERE'S BEEN A MASSACRE IN HOGOOM! PAHK-MANI'S KIDNAPPED VANILLA CUPCAKE!

IS THAT SO...?

GIVEN THE UNSTABLE SITUATION THERE, IS IT WISE TO PROVIDE GENERAL ABUUK WITH AN A-BOMB?

ISN'T HE LIABLE TO USE IT?

DON'T BE NAIVE, WOBLINA.

NOW THAT WE'VE SECURED EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS TO HOGOOM'S OIL RE-SOURCES--

--IT COULD BE IN GOD-CORP'S BEST INTERESTS FOR THAT COUNTRY TO EXPERIENCE A NUCLEAR ACCIDENT.

IF ABUUK EXPLODES THE BOMB IN THE CAPITAL CITY, EVERY INHABITANT OF HOGOOM WHO'D KNOW AN OIL LEASE FROM ASSWIPE WILL BE VAPORIZED.

AND THERE'LL BE NO LEGAL GOVERNMENT TO GO BACK ON THE DEAL.

WHAT ABOUT MEAD PACKER? AND HIS BILLION-DOLLAR GRAT?

PRESUMABLY, THEY WOULD DIE--THEREBY ENSURING THAT NO ONE SUSPECTS GODCORP'S ROLE IN THE INCIDENT.

WE'RE ALL EXPENDABLE, WOBLINA. SENTIMENT HAS NO PLACE IN BUSINESS.

CONTACT OUR DOGBURNS IN NEW YORK, WILL YOU? SEE IF THEY'VE WRAPPED UP THE HOLMES MATTER--AND THAT BUSINESS WITH OUR-CAKE'S SISTER?

HE'S GONE MAD! HE'S WILLING TO BLOW OFF AN ENTIRE EXPORT MARKET FOR SHORT-TERM GAIN...

THE BOWERY,
NEW YORK!

MOMENTS AGO, A BOMB SECRETED IN
THE ENGINE OF DESTROYER LAWYER'S
LAWMOBILE REDUCED THE VEHICLE
TO LITTLE MORE THAN SHRAPNEL
AND SLAG.

TOO LITTLE MORE TO
SUIT THE QUASI-HUMAN
WHO PLANTED THE
BOMB.

NO DRIVER'S SEAT.
NO BODY. EVEN MY
BOMBS AREN'T
THAT GOOD.

NOT ANOTHER MOVE, PENDING
ARREST, MY FRIEND!
YOU'VE BEEN CAUGHT
FLAGRANTE DELICTO!

CHDATE!

PLAT!

YOU?
BUT
HOW...?!

OBJECT,
QUESTION
IS
VAGUE
AND
AMBIGU-
OUS.

BUT--OFF THE
RECORD--THE LAW-
MOBILE WAS EQUIPPED
WITH AN EJECTOR
SEAT.

I'LL
EJECT
YOUR ASS
FOR THAT,
SHYSTER!

OBJECT, IRRELEVANT, ARGUMEN-
TATIVE, ASSUMES FACTS NOT
IN EVIDENCE--

FIAT!

--AND POSSIBLY
SLANDEROUS. I
OUGHT TO SLAP YOU
WITH AN INJUNCTION--
BUT THIS'LL DO
FOR NOW.

UNNGHE

NOW, DOES
MY BOOT
HAVE TO
INTER-
LINEATE
YOUR
FACE--

--OR
DO I GET
SOME
ANSWERS?

MEANWHILE, ABOARD AIR PAROUSUS...

KREEGAH! KILL!



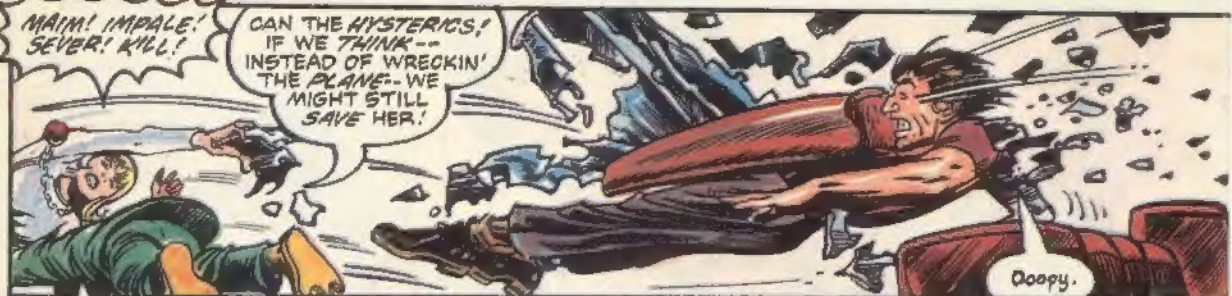
DID YOU HEAR THE RADIO? PAHKMANI'S GOT MY SISTER!! SHE DIES AT SHINDOWN!!

LIKE HELL!! IF HE LAYS A FINGER ON HER--

I'LL RIP HIS HEART OUT AND SPIT IN THE HOLE!!

MAIM! IMPALE! SEVER! KILL!

CAN THE HYSTERIC! IF WE THINK-- INSTEAD OF 'WRECKIN' THE PLANE-- WE MIGHT STILL SAVE HER!



Doopy.

START WITH THAT RADIO REPORT! WHERE'S PAHKMANI HOLDIN' HER--?

I WARN YOU--HEAVY CACA'S GONNA GO DOWN WHEN CORPO-RATE HEARS ABOUT THIS--

SILENCE, CAPITALIST PIGLET!



YOUR INSOLENT MOUTHINGS DEFILE THE GREAT MOSQUE OF HUGOOM!

AND NEITHER THREATS NOR PLEADING CAN SAVE YOU FROM PAHKMANI'S WRATH!

THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY--TIL THEY GET A WHIFF OF MY VANILLA PHEROMONES!



THAT IS NO DOUBT TRUE...OF WEAKER MEN.

BUT YOU SHALL FIND THE DEDICATED WARRIOR OF ALLAH IMMUNE TO YOUR CHARMS--DAUGHTER OF HELL!



G-GOLLY-WOGS! HI, MR. PAHKMANI! I--I'M HAPPY TO MEET YOU...!

SPARE ME YOUR PRE-PACKAGED PRETENSE AT "LOVE" AND "CARING" AND "SHARING."

YOU ARE A WHORE--A CREATURE OF THE MARKETPLACE--A TOOL OF CAPITALISTS WHO PREFER THE MANAGEABILITY OF "WARMTH" TO THE UNCONTROLLABLE FIRE OF REVOLUTIONARY PASSION.

--AND FOR ITS ATTEMPT TO FOIST ITS DECADENT, MATERIALIST IDEOLOGY UPON HOQOOM!

I HAVE SWORN HOLY VENGEANCE UPON THE SATANIC STATES OF AMERICA--FOR ITS CREATION OF BLASPHEMIES SUCH AS YOURSELF--

"YOU SEE, I KNOW YOUR COUNTRY WELL. MY FATHER--AYATOLLAH YAASO, CHIEF RELIGIOUS COUNSEL TO THE HATED SHAH OF HOQOOM, ARRANGED FOR ME TO BE EDUCATED THERE."

"BUT, TO MY FATHER'S CHAGRIN, I ALIGNED MYSELF NOT WITH AMERICA'S OPPRESSIVE ESTABLISHMENT, BUT WITH ITS PLIGHTED MINORITIES--

PROTEST

TO HELL WITH ANY-THING!

"--AND WITH ITS STUDENTS WHO REBELLED AGAINST THEIR GOVERNMENT'S IMPERIALIST WARMONGERING POLICIES.

"IN THOSE DAYS, I WAS A PRISONER OF PRIVILEGE--I COULD ONLY SYMPATHIZE FROM BEHIND THE BULLET-PROOF GLASS OF MY LIMOUSINE.

"BUT DECADES LATER, WHEN THE PEOPLE OF HOQOOM ROSE AGAINST THE SHAH'S REGIME, I WAS THEIR LEADER!"

WE PURGED HOQOOM OF AMERICA'S ARCADE CULTURE, IMPORTED TO OUR LAND BY THE SHAH AND MY FATHER!

SPACE MESS

MOON PIT

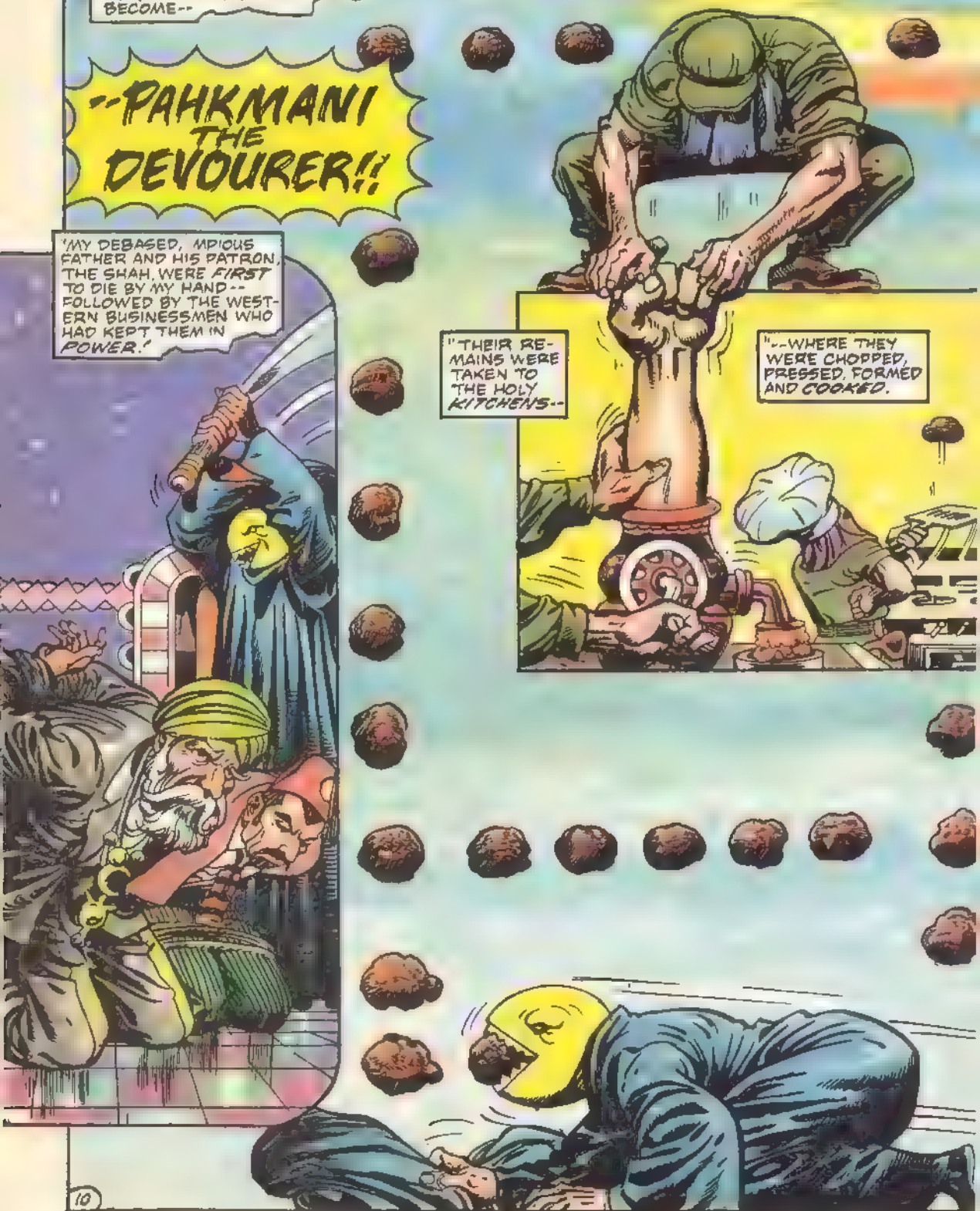
"AND AS THE SUPREME IRONY,
I STYLED MY VENGEANCE AFTER
YOUR OWN CORRUPT WESTERN
SYMBOLS--TO RIDICULE AND
DESTROY YOUR INFLUENCE IN
HOGGOM. THUS DID I
BECOME--

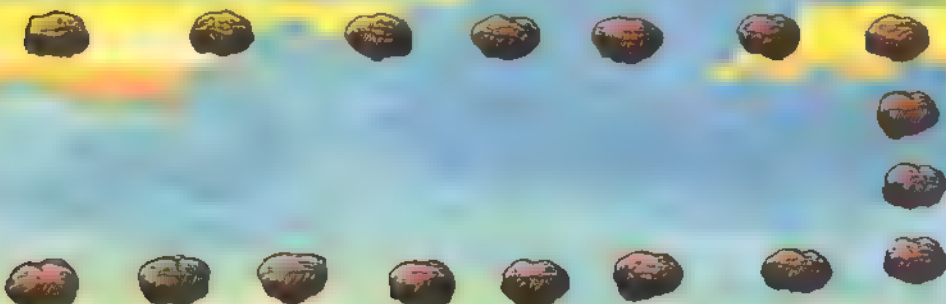
--PAHKMANI
THE
DEVOURER!!

"MY DEBASED, MPIOUS
FATHER AND HIS PATRON,
THE SHAH, WERE FIRST
TO DIE BY MY HAND--
FOLLOWED BY THE WEST-
ERN BUSINESSMEN WHO
HAD KEPT THEM IN
POWER."

"THEIR RE-
MAINS WERE
TAKEN TO
THE HOLY
KITCHENS--

--WHERE THEY
WERE CHOPPED,
PRESSED, FORMED
AND COOKED.

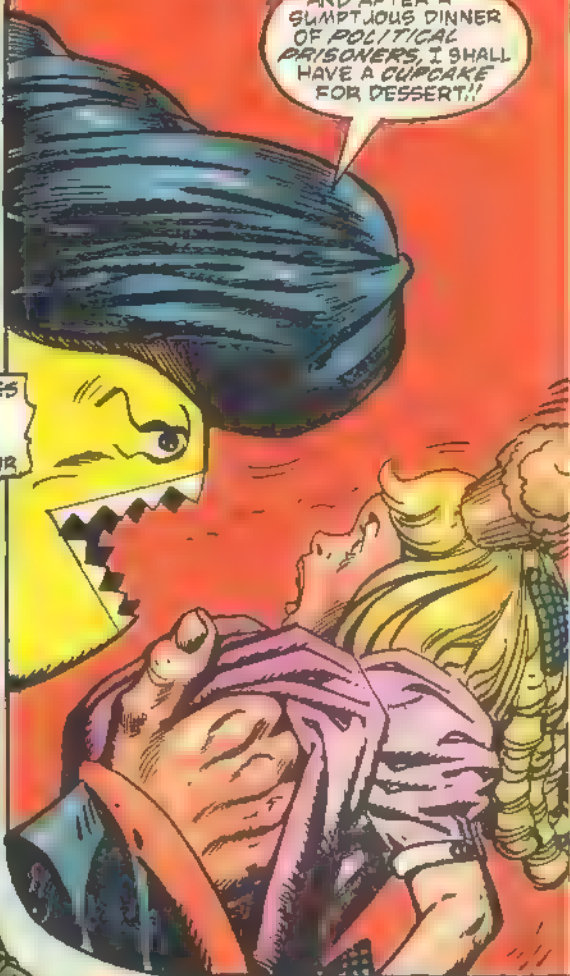




'THE MEAT WAS SET OUT IN A MAZELIKE PATTERN ON THE CORRIDOR FLOOR OF THE MOSQUE. IN PREPARATION FOR THE FIRST OF MY RITUAL FEASTS.'



"UPON MY HANDS AND KNEES I TRAVELED THE HALLS, PRAISING ALLAH AND ENGORGING HIS ENEMIES FOR THE GREATER GLORY OF OUR NEW ORDER."



THIS SHALL BE YOUR FATE, ALSO, SPROUT OF SATAN! YOU DIE THIS VERY DUSK!

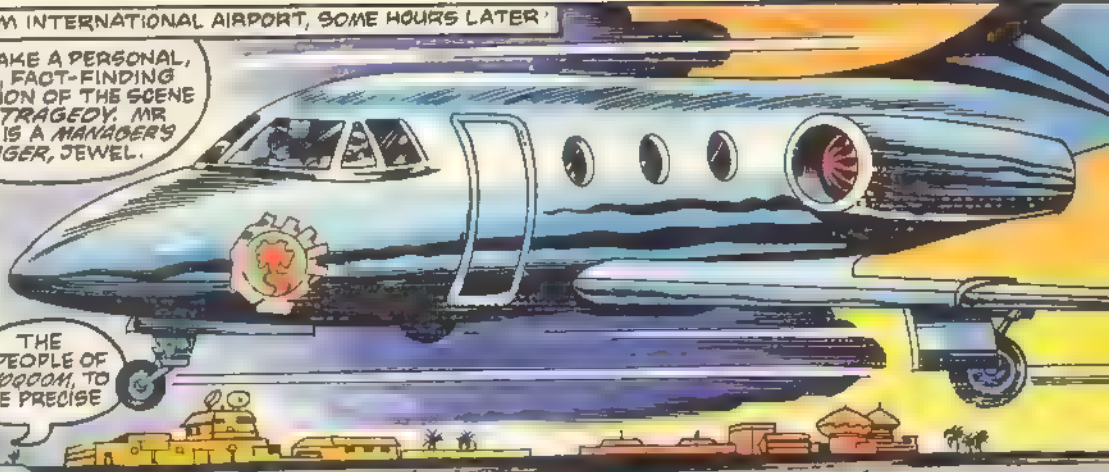
AND AFTER A SUMPTUOUS DINNER OF POLITICAL PRISONERS, I SHALL HAVE A CUPCAKE FOR DESSERT!!

HOGGOM INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, SOME HOURS LATER.

--TO MAKE A PERSONAL, ON-SITE, FACT-FINDING INSPECTION OF THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY. MR UPWIND IS A MANAGER'S MANAGER, JEWEL.

HE'S PROFIT-ORIENTED --BUT HE KNOWS PROFITS BEGIN WITH PEOPLE.

THE PEOPLE OF HOGGOM, TO BE PRECISE



HELLO, MEAD-- MRS. MUDGE-- GENERAL.

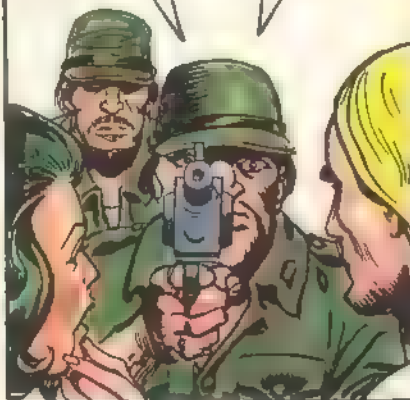
I BRING YOU GODDCORP'S SYMPATHIES --AND, OF COURSE THE DEVICE WE PROMISED YOU, GENERAL.

I HOPE WE CAN TRUST YOUR GOOD JUDGMENT AS TO ITS USE--

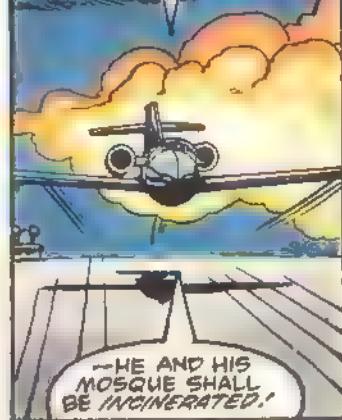
MY JUDGMENT IS IMPECCABLE IN THESE MATTERS, EFFENDI--

--AND I JUDGE THAT PAHKMANI HAS GONE TOO FAR!

THUS I COMMANDER THIS AIRCRAFT AND ALL ABOARD-- IN THE NAME OF THE HOGGOM LIBERATION FRONT!



ASHMET! TO THE RADIO! NOTIFY THE TYRANT THAT IF THE CUPCAKE CHILD IS NOT RELEASED AT ONCE--



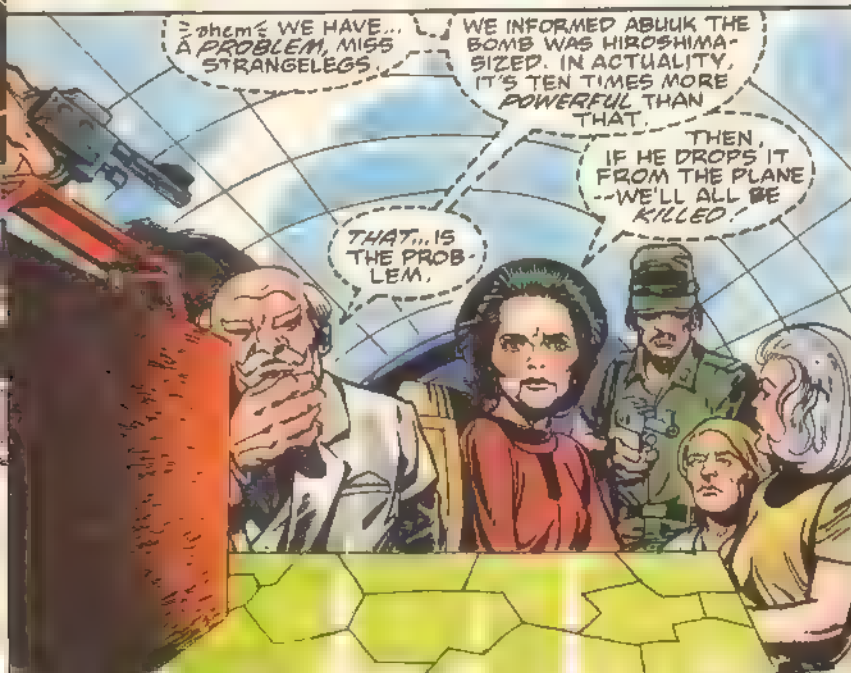
--HE AND HIS MOSQUE SHALL BE INCINERATED!

THEME WE HAVE... A PROBLEM, MISS STRANGELEGS.

WE INFORMED ABAUK THE BOMB WAS HIROSHIMA-SIZED. IN ACTUALITY, IT'S TEN TIMES MORE POWERFUL THAN THAT.

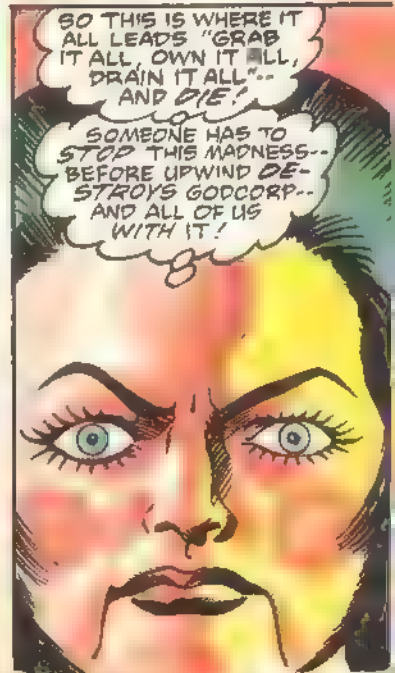
THEN, IF HE DROPS IT FROM THE PLANE --WE'LL ALL BE KILLED.

THAT... IS THE PROBLEM.

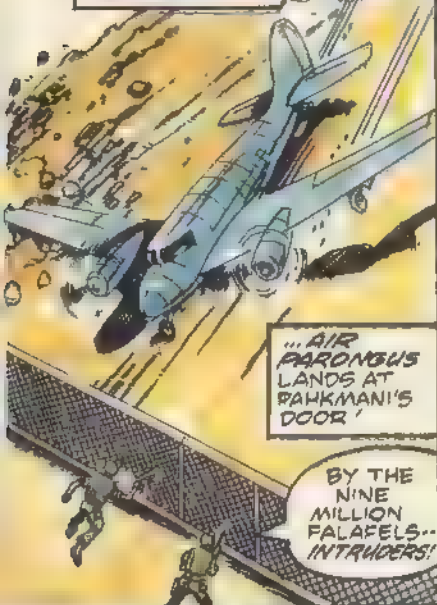


SO THIS IS WHERE IT ALL LEADS "GRAB IT ALL, OWN IT ALL, DRAIN IT ALL"-- AND DIE!

SOMEONE HAS TO STOP THIS MADNESS-- BEFORE UPWIND DESTROYS GODDCORP-- AND ALL OF US WITH IT!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE
DESERT SOME MILES OUT-
SIDE THE CITY...



...AIR
PARDOUS
LANDS AT
PAHKMANI'S
DOOR

BY THE
NINE
MILLION
FALAFELS--
INTRUDERS!

SHOW YOUR-
SELVES, INTRUDERS
--AND DIE!

THE SUBLIME
PAHKMANI HAS
REVEALED ALL
AIRCRAFT TO BE
SATAN'S DESPOILERS
OF ALLAH'S
HEAVEN!

THEY ARE
NOT COMING
OUT, QADHI!

THEN WE SHALL
GO KILL THEM
INSIDE!



WITHOUT
WARNING...

GHODNT!

SKWUNGH!

SECONDS LATER,
INSIDE THE
MOSQUE...

TROT THOSE
TOOTSIES, BERYL!
OUR DISGUISES
WON'T STAND MUCH
SCRUTINY...

ALL-FOO-FOO-YI-HAARON

WHAT'S
THAT--
GLEE
CLUB
PRACTICE?

MORE LIKE
CHANTING--SOME
KIND OF CEREMONY
GOING ON UP-
STAIRS!

LET'S
HAVE A
LOOK--!

OUTSIDE, SCREAMING MOSQUE-
WARD AT 500 MILES AN HOUR...

THERE IS NO RESPONSE
FROM PAHKMANI TO
OUR DEMANDS,
GENERAL ABUUK.

IN THAT CASE,
MAY ALLAH HAVE
MERCY ON HIS
MAGGOT-INFESTED
SOUL!

REMAIN SEATED.
PAHKMANI'S DE-
STRUCTION SHALL
BE ACCOMPLISHED
IN SECONDS.

IF YOU ATTEMPT
TO INTERFERE
--YOURS WILL
BE GREATLY
AND PAINFULLY
PROLONGED.

I CAN'T
SIT BY AND
ALLOW THIS.
I'VE GOT TO
GET THAT
BOMB AWAY
FROM HIM!
I'VE GOTTA--
GOTTA--

--GOTTA DANCE!!

THWIP

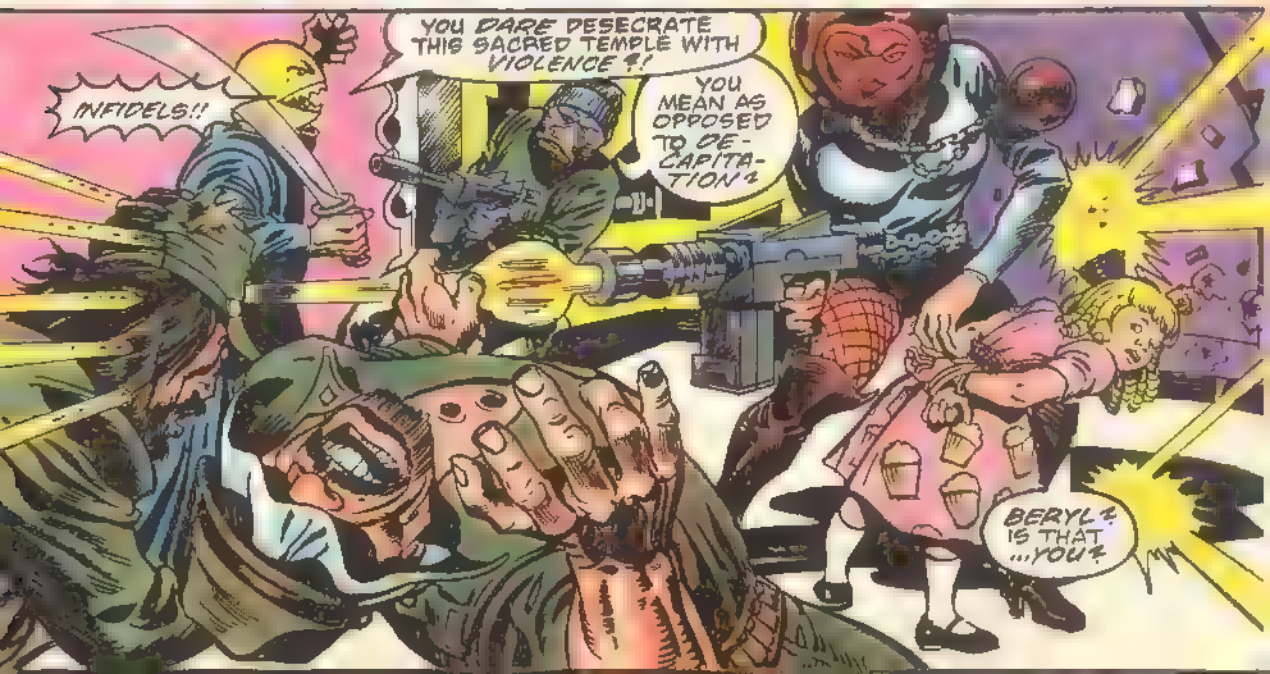
CHOKK

WHUK

THE UNIVERSAL-JOINTED
WOBLINA LAUNCHES INTO
HER BIZARRE BATTLE-
DANCE! AN ARM TWISTS 360
DEGREES TO SNATCH THE
BOMB! A LEG BENDS UPWARD
AT THE KNEE, DEPRIVING
ABUUK OF HIS PISTOL!

UNFORTUNATE-
LY, THE GUN
GOES OFF...

...AND THE
BULLET RIPS
THROUGH THE
FUSELAGE!

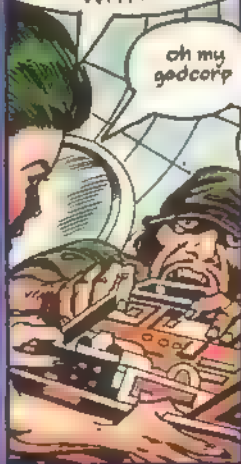




TWENTY MILES EAST THE JET STREAKS ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH THE CITY'S TALLEST BUILDING...



GENERAL! LISTEN TO REASON! THE COMPANY WILL BE USELESS TO YOU IF WE'RE CONNECTED WITH--



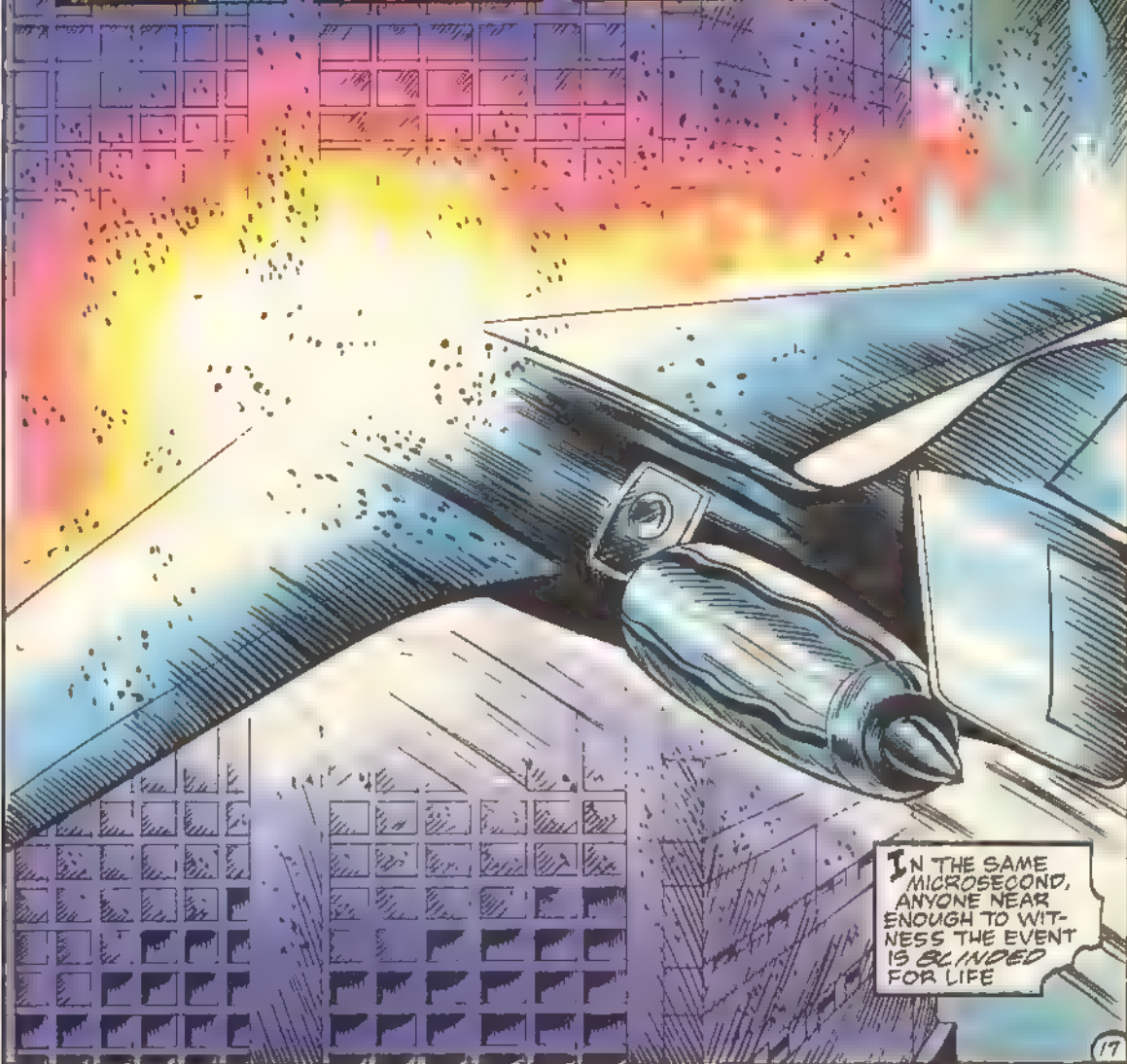
oh my godcorp

You've armed the bomb.

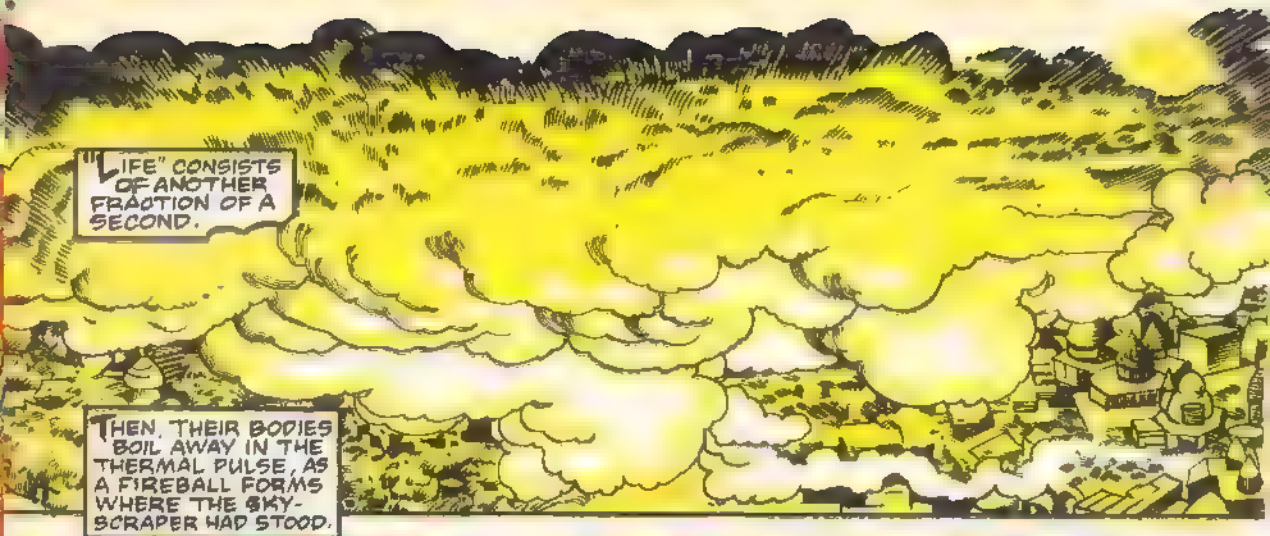


THE COLLISION NEVER TAKES PLACE. INCHES AWAY FROM IMPACT, THE BOMB DETONATES.

IN THE FIRST MICROSECOND OF THE EXPLOSION, THE PLANE AND MOST OF THE SKYSCRAPER ARE VAPORIZED.

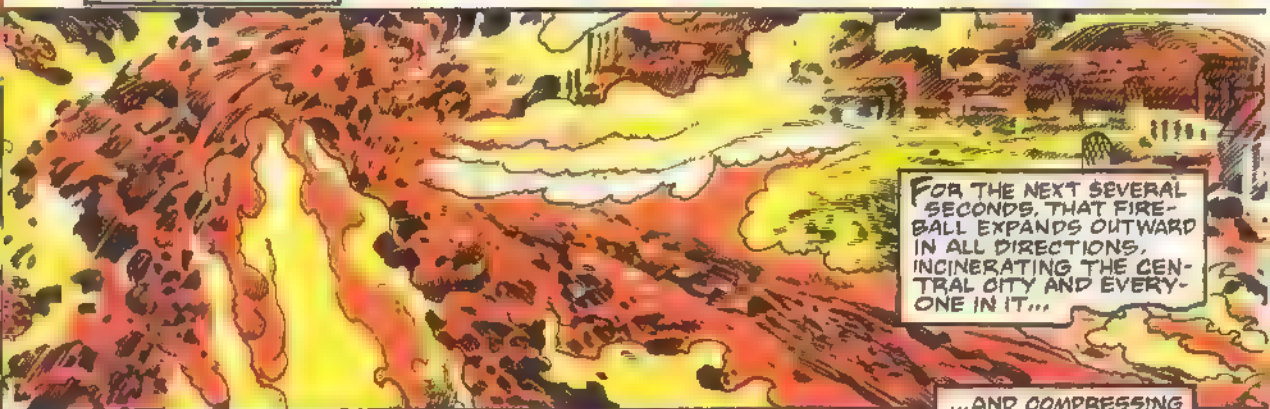


IN THE SAME MICROSECOND, ANYONE NEAR ENOUGH TO WITNESS THE EVENT IS BLINDED FOR LIFE



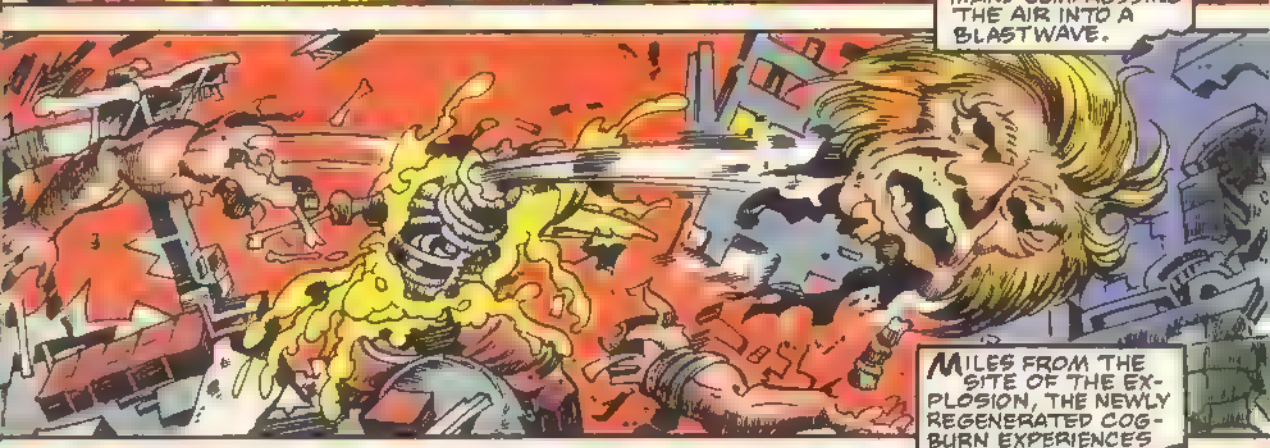
"LIFE" CONSISTS
OF ANOTHER
FRACTION OF A
SECOND.

THEN, THEIR BODIES
BOIL AWAY IN THE
THERMAL PULSE, AS
A FIREBALL FORMS
WHERE THE SKY-
SCRAPER HAD STOOD.

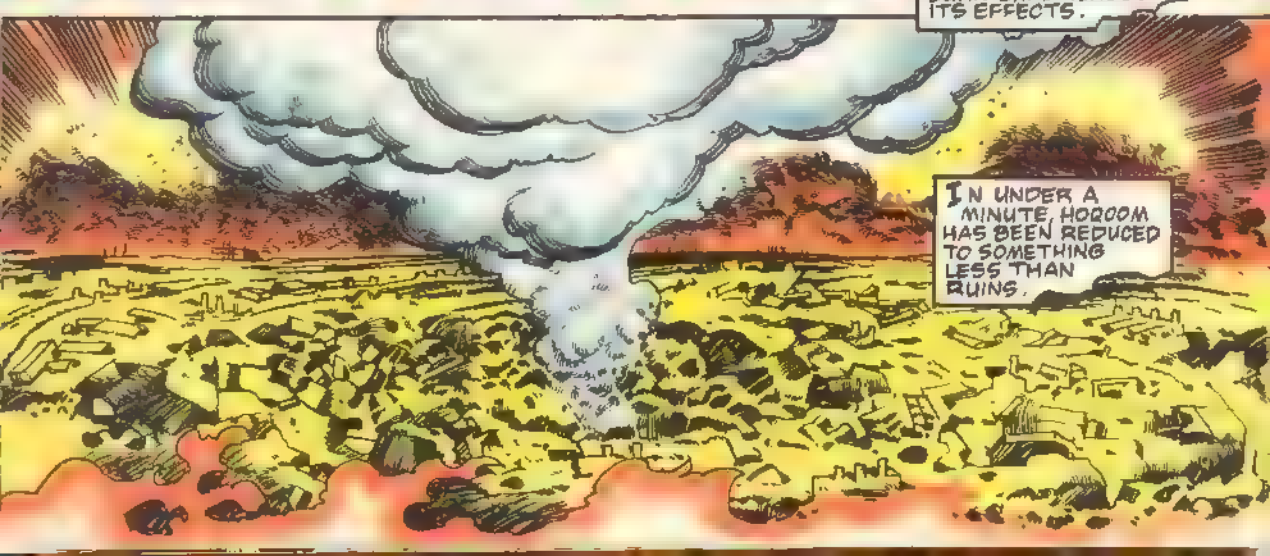


FOR THE NEXT SEVERAL
SECONDS, THAT FIRE-
BALL EXPANDS OUTWARD
IN ALL DIRECTIONS,
INCINERATING THE CENTRAL CITY AND EVERY-
ONE IN IT...

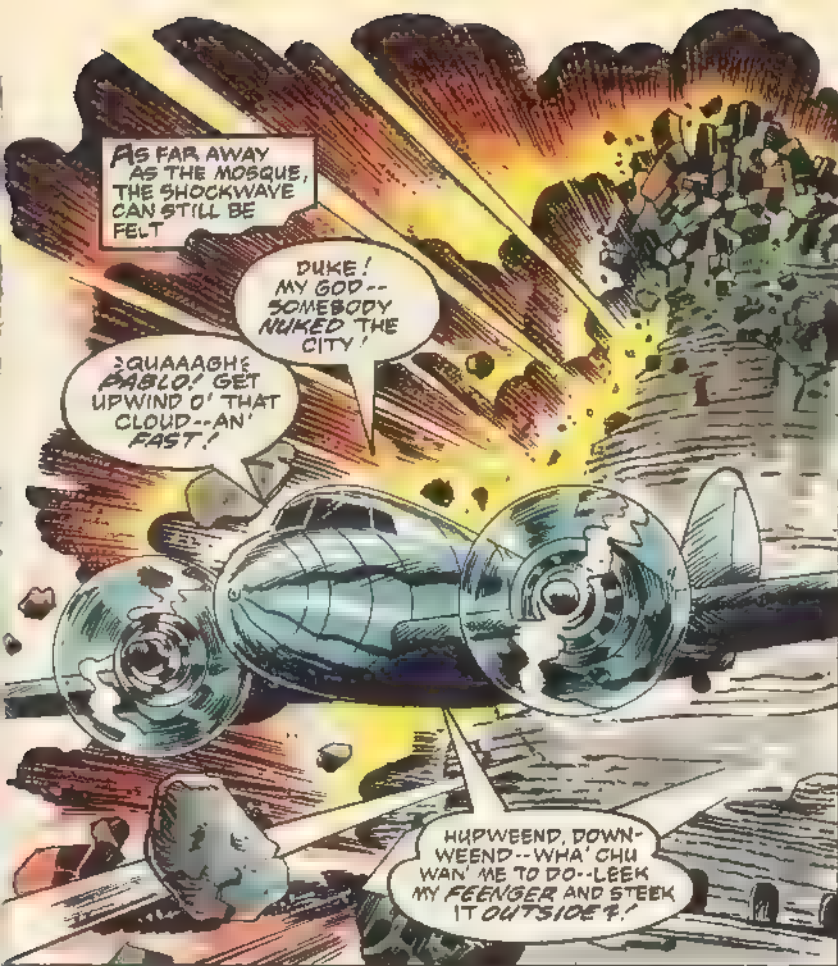
...AND COMPRESSING
THE AIR INTO A
BLASTWAVE.



MILES FROM THE
SITE OF THE EX-
PLOSION, THE NEWLY
REGENERATED COG-
BURN EXPERIENCES
ITS EFFECTS.



IN UNDER A
MINUTE, HOROOM
HAS BEEN REDUCED
TO SOMETHING
LESS THAN
RUINS.



AS FAR AWAY
AS THE MOSQUE,
THE SHOCKWAVE
CAN STILL BE
FELT

DUKE!
MY GOD--
SOMEBODY
NUKED THE
CITY!

SQUAAAGH
PABLO! GET
UPWIND O' THAT
CLOUD--AN'
FAST!

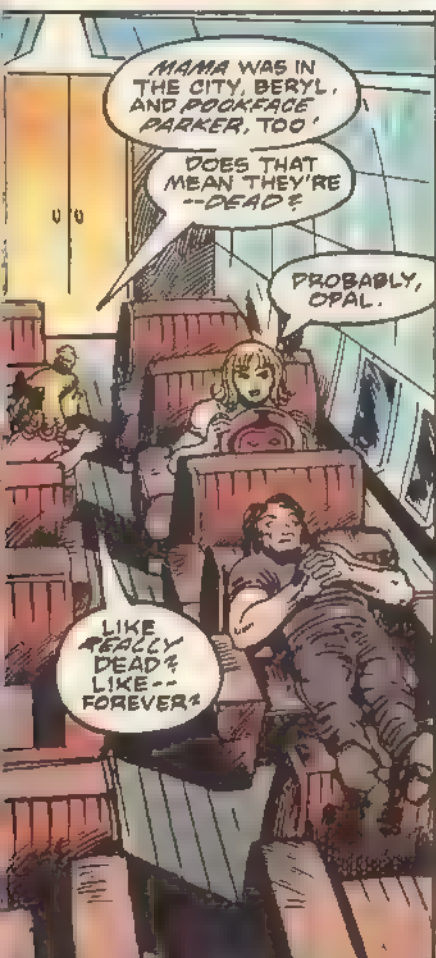
HUPWEEND, DOWN-
WEEND--WHA' CHU
WAN' ME TO DO--LEEK
MY FEENGER AND STEEK
IT OUTSIDE?!



NEVER MIND,
ACE--I'M
HANDLING
IT!

WITH A LITTLE
LUCK I MAY
GET US OUTTA
HERE WITH OUR
DNA STILL
INTACT!

CHU
BETTER
DUCKO! I
DON' WANNA
BE NO
MUTIE!

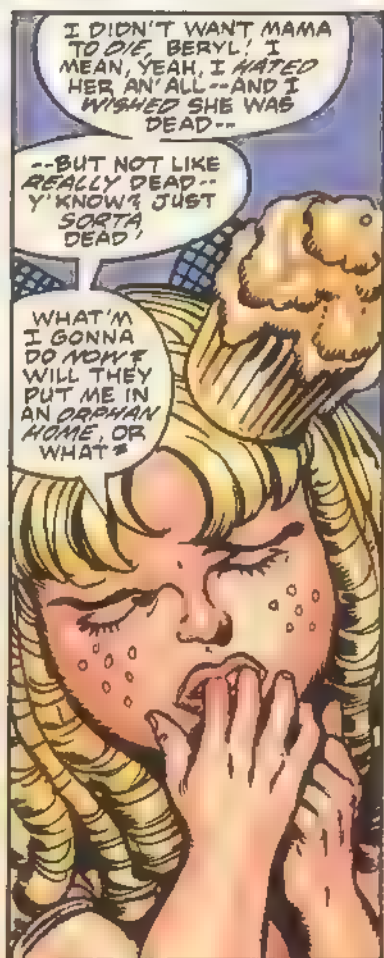


MAMA WAS IN
THE CITY, BERYL,
AND POOKFACE
PARKER, TOO'

DOES THAT
MEAN THEY'RE
--DEAD?

PROBABLY,
OPAL.

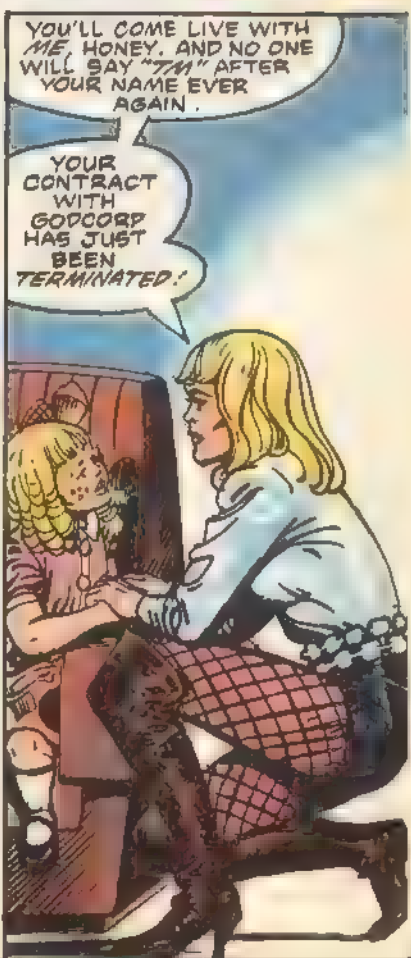
LIKE
REALLY
DEAD?
LIKE--
FOREVER?



I DIDN'T WANT MAMA
TO DIE, BERYL! I
MEAN, YEAH, I HATED
HER AN' ALL--AND I
WISHED SHE WAS
DEAD--

--BUT NOT LIKE
REALLY DEAD--
Y' KNOW? JUST
SORTA
DEAD!

WHAT'M
I GONNA
DO NOW?
WILL THEY
PUT ME IN
AN ORPHAN
HOME, OR
WHAT?



YOU'LL COME LIVE WITH
ME, HONEY. AND NO ONE
WILL SAY "TH" AFTER
YOUR NAME EVER
AGAIN.

YOUR
CONTRACT
WITH
GODCORP
HAS JUST
BEEN
TERMINATED!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER

UPWIND, PACKER, AND
STRANGELEGS--ALL
DEAD?

THEY WERE ALL
ABOARD THE PLANE
THAT CARRIED THE
BOMB, DUKE. SO
WAS MRS. MUDGE

WHERE
DOES THAT
LEAVE GOD-
CORP?

A SHAMBLES
A FEDERAL COURT
HAS ORDERED THE
COMPANY TO PAY
REPARATIONS TO
HOGGOM--IN EX-
CESS OF A TRIL-
LION DOLLARS.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS IS DIS-
MANTLING THE CONGLOMERATE,
LIQUEFYING ITS ASSETS TO RAISE
THE CASH.

THEN IT'S
GONNA BE PRACTICALLY
IMPOSSIBLE TO TRACK
DOWN THE ANSWER
I NEED.

IS
THE
LITTLE GUY
ALIVE--
OR NOT?

I CAN'T GO BACK HOME,
HOLMES, NOT WITHOUT
KNOWIN' FOR SURE.

I UNDER-
STAND,
DUKE. HE
WAS A
FRIEND,
TOO--
AND MY
CLIENT

MAYBE I CAN SQUEEZE
SOME INFO OUT OF
THE GOGGURN I
HAULED IN

IF HE SAYS
ANYTHING RELE-
VANT, YOU'LL
BE THE FIRST
TO KNOW.

THANKS,
HOLMES

SO WHERE
DO WE GO
FROM HERE,
DUKE?

APARTMENT-
HUNTING WITH
BERYL AN' OPAL--
THEN JOB-HUNTING
FOR ME.

KEEP ME IN
MIND IF YOU
NEED A SHAMUS,
HOLMES

NEXT ISSUE:

ZOMBIES IN PARADISE

(NO, WE'RE
NOT
KIDDING.)
DON'T MISS
DESTROYER
DUCK #6!

CREATED AND WRITTEN BY
JERRY SIEGEL
ILLUSTRATED BY
VAL MAYERIK

THE STARLING

CARRIE MCCARTHY-LETTERER
JO MEUGNIOT-COLORIST
KEVIN CONNOLLY-EDITOR

IN THE SPRING OF 1968, IRMA ZANE WAS RESCUED FROM BRUTAL WOULD-BE RAPISTS BY A GOLDEN, GLOWING APONIS FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

IRMA WAS UNAWARE THAT HIS GODLIKE FACE AND PHYSIQUE WERE A LIE--THAT, PRIOR TO THEIR ENCOUNTER, HE HAD EMPLOYED HIS AWESOME POWERS TO ALTER HIS OWN SHAPE.

IRMA'S SAVIOR FROM THE STARS HAD IN FACT BEEN AN ALIEN MONSTROSITY--WHO ASSUMED THE FORM OF A MAN IN ORDER TO SEDUCE HER. THE DECEPTION SERVED ITS PURPOSE.

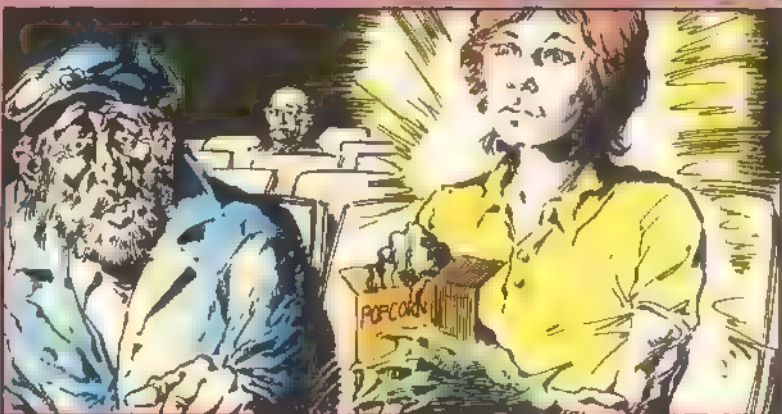
AFTERWARD, HE RETURNED TO THE COSMOS AND ABANDONED IRMA, LEAVING HER ON THE BRINK OF MADNESS. NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE HER TALE ABOUT THE GLOWING MAN...

...BUT THE SWELLING IN HER WOMB WAS OBVIOUS TO ALL. IN EARLY 1969, IN CIRCUMSTANCES OF DIRE POVERTY, IRMA GAVE BIRTH TO A SON.

FOR THE NEXT ELEVEN YEARS, WHILE SHE ESTABLISHED HERSELF AS A BEST-SELLING AUTHOR OF ROMANCES, IRMA MANAGED TO AVOID ALMOST ALL MENTION OF HIS FATHER.

THEN, ONE AFTERNOON, IN A CAVE BY THE BEACH--ROBERT ZANE BEGAN TO GLOW. THE BOY WAS TERRIFIED AFRAID HE WAS DYING--SO, AT LAST, IRMA REVEALED TO HIM THE TRUTH OF HIS ALIEN BIRTH--RIGHT.

HE DOESN'T BELIEVE HER, EITHER.



AFTER THE MOVIE, IRMA'S DRIVER
CHAUFFERS ROBERT BACK TO THE
ZANE ESTATE IN BEL AIR.

IS SHE
HOME,
MARTIN?

SO I WAS
TOLD, ROBERT.
SHE EXPECTED
A GUEST.

ZANE
ESTATE
EST.
1973

WHO THE
HELL'S THAT,
IRMA?

HE'S MY
SON.

ROBERT--MEET RANCE.
HE'LL BE STAYING WITH US.

HIKE
GLUE!

THE KID
DON'T LIKE ME.
HOW BOLT YOU,
IRMA?

RANCE--
DON'T!

AAH, QUIT
BITCHIN'! YOU
LOVE T--

BY DUSK, IRMA AND RANCE RELOCATE UPSTAIRS...

OH, GOD...
RANCE...
YES...

YES!!

MORE!!

WHEN THE IMPASSIONED CRIES AND CREAKING BED-
SPRINGS STOP FOR THE NIGHT, ROBERT COMES BACK
INSIDE.

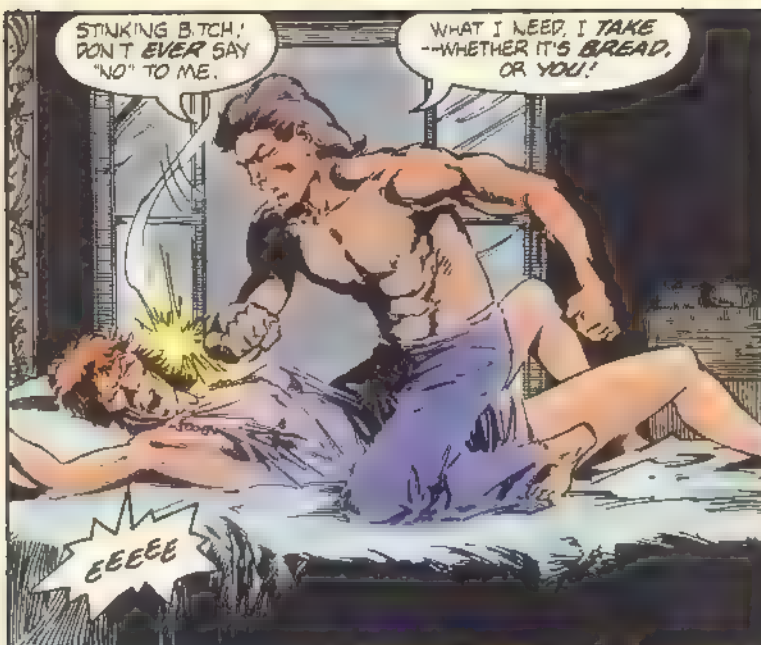
RANCE MOVES IN... AND IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, ROBERT FEELS MORE AND MORE LIKE AN UNWANTED GUEST IN HIS OWN HOME

AWARE OF ROBERT'S AVERSION ON TOWARD HIM, RANCE TRES TO DAMAGE THE BOY'S INTEGRITY...



MONTHS PASS, AND RANCE'S GRIP ON THE HOUSEHOLD--AND RYMA HERSELF--ONLY GROWS STRONGER.





STINKING B.TCH!
DON'T EVER SAY
"NO" TO ME.

WHAT I NEED I TAKE
--WHETHER IT'S BREAD,
OR YOU!

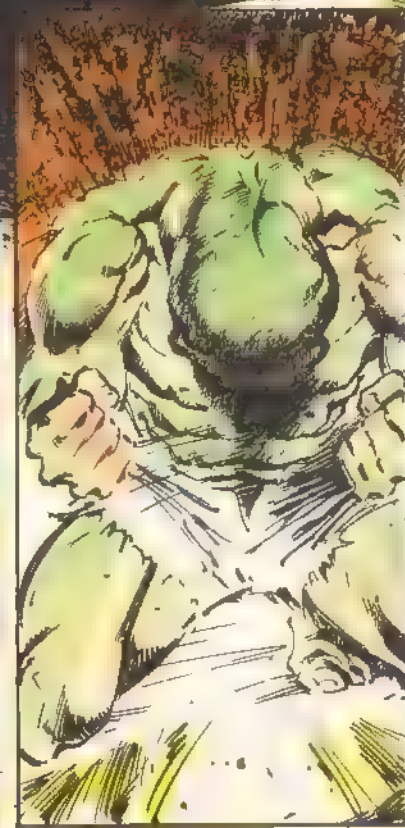
EEEE



HIS MOTHER'S TERRIFIED SCREAMS
JOLT ROBERT INTO WAKEFULNESS...

HE'LL BE
SORRY!

THE GLOWING RETURNS...
AND WITH IT, A B ZARRE
VIBRATION IN EVERY CELL
OF THE BOY'S BODY...!

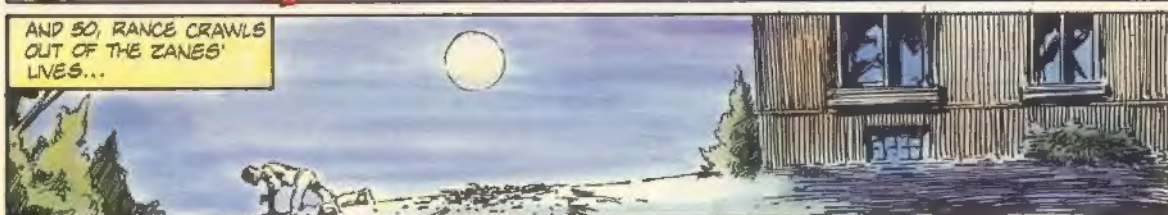




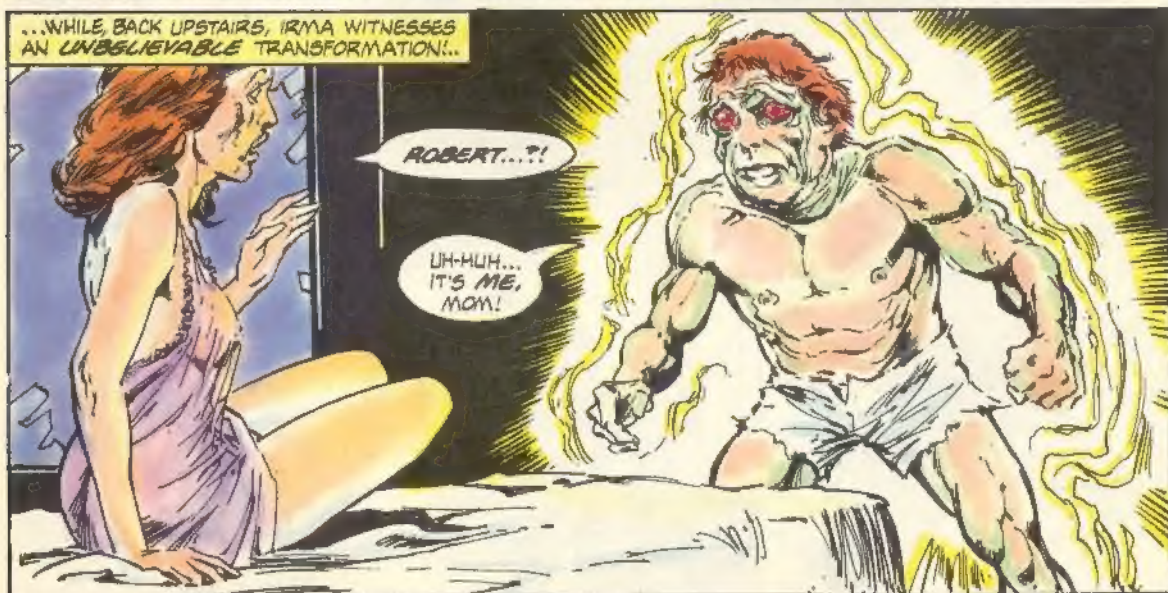
...AND OBLIGES RANCE'S REQUEST.

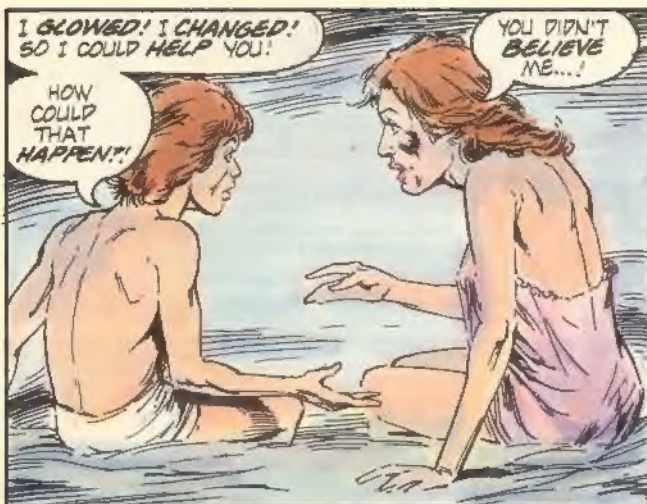


AND SO, RANCE CRAWLS
OUT OF THE ZANES'
LIVES...



...WHILE, BACK UPSTAIRS, IRMA WITNESSES
AN UNBELIEVABLE TRANSFORMATION...





I BLOWED! I CHANGED!
SO I COULD HELP YOU!

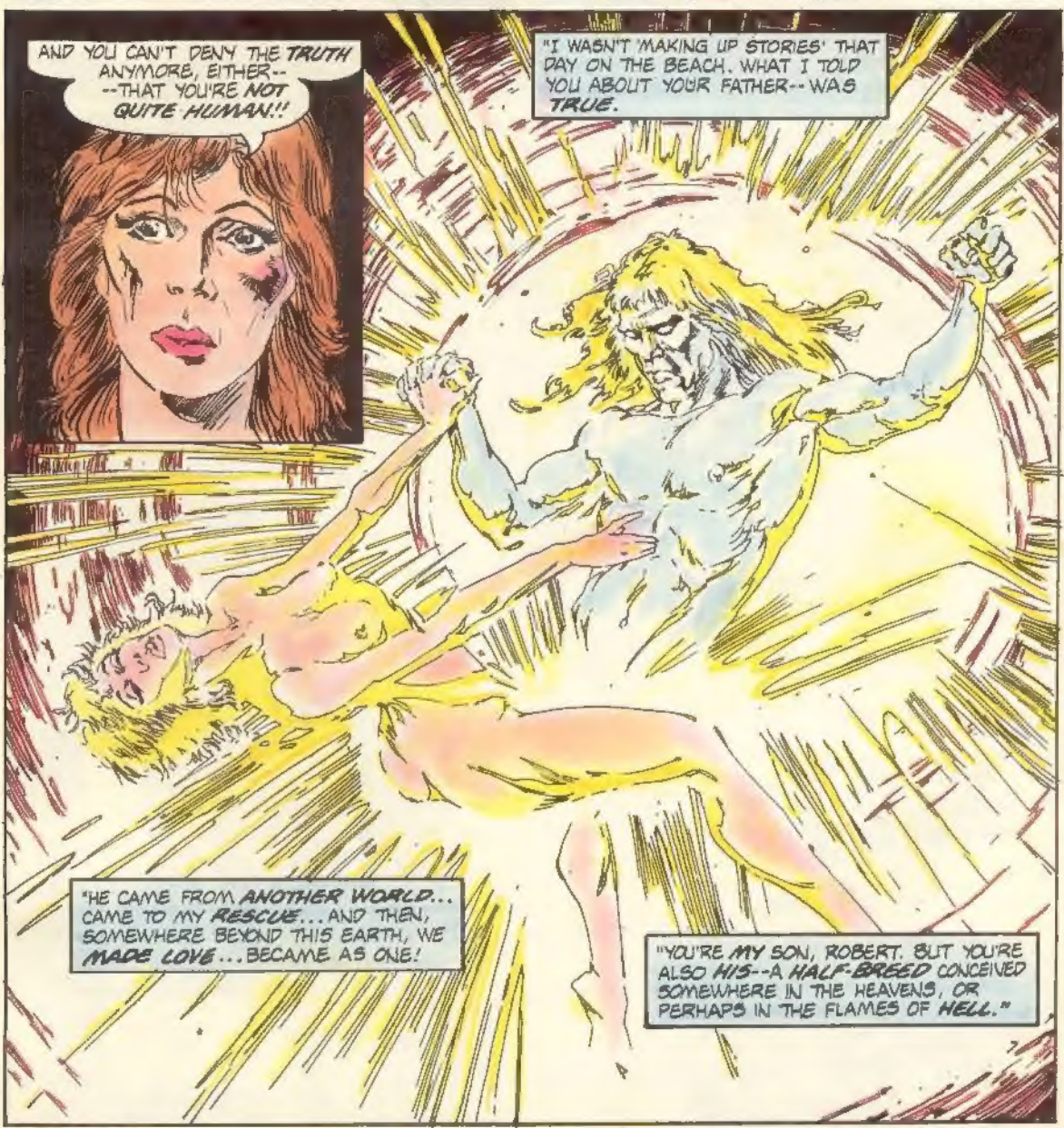
HOW
COULD
THAT
HAPPEN?!

YOU DIDN'T
BELIEVE
ME...!



HAHA! NO ONE
HAS EVER BELIEVED
ME!

BUT YOU CAN'T
CALL ME CRAZY NOW
--CAN YOU?!



AND YOU CAN'T DENY THE TRUTH
ANYMORE, EITHER--
--THAT YOU'RE NOT
QUITE HUMAN!!

"I WASN'T MAKING UP STORIES THAT
DAY ON THE BEACH. WHAT I TOLD
YOU ABOUT YOUR FATHER-- WAS
TRUE.

"HE CAME FROM ANOTHER WORLD...
CAME TO MY RESCUE... AND THEN,
SOMEWHERE BEYOND THIS EARTH, WE
MADE LOVE... BECAME AS ONE!

"YOU'RE MY SON, ROBERT. BUT YOU'RE
ALSO HIS--A HALF-BREED CONCEIVED
SOMEWHERE IN THE HEAVENS, OR
PERHAPS IN THE FLAMES OF HELL."

